

SBI Bonus Bin

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44644255>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
Relationship:	Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson , Philza , Wilbur Soot
Additional Tags:	Deleted Scenes , Bonus Scenes
Language:	English
Collections:	sbi that cures my issues (or maybe gives me them)
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-30 Updated: 2024-05-04 Words: 3,784 Chapters: 3/?

SBI Bonus Bin

by [lockergirl](#)

Summary

Extra scenes from my AUs!

Notes

“I’m hiding,” Tommy whispered, clearly letting Techno in on some grand secret, “Me and Wil are playing hide-and-seek!”

Techno raised an eyebrow. “In my bed?”

“No,” Tommy scoffed, as though the hybrid was being very silly, “In the house! Your bed is in the house.”

That fact was objectively true, as much as Techno was beginning to regret it.

OR: A sort-of-sequel to my hibernation oneshot [Sweeter Than Sleep!](#)

This scene happens about eight or nine years after the last fic. As you can tell, Phil's family has grown a little bigger.

Hibernation Hide-and-Seek

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Once Techno began his hibernation, it was almost impossible to wake him up. Snowstorms whirling against his windows? Nice try. Children thumping past his bedroom? Easy snooze. Phil setting off the fire alarm downstairs? All of it was like white noise to the piglin hybrid, filtered in one ear and out the other as he continued to doze through the winter.

Freezing cold fingers, however?

Techno was woken unceremoniously by tiny, frigid fingers pressing into his stomach. Then, before he even had the chance to hiss sharply, the hands were rudely replaced by a pair of boney knees, knocking the air out of the hybrid's body.

Techno opened his eyes just in time to watch Tommy tumble off of him. The boy giggled quietly as he toppled over, accidentally somersaulting onto the mattress.

Techno wasn't sure what month it was. Depending on how long he had been hibernating, Tommy was either four or five years old, on the cusp of a birthday or just past one. The boy looked a little bigger than Techno remembered, though only slightly. He could have easily been imagining it.

Tommy, apparently, had not yet clocked that Techno was awake. Instead of apologizing, the kid just pulled back one of the quilts, throwing himself under it so forcefully that Techno was surprised he didn't bounce right off the mattress. Then, once even Tommy's toes were successfully tucked away, the boy curled himself into a little ball, smaller than most of Techno's pillows.

It would have been the perfect hiding spot, if only the kid could stop giggling.

Techno sighed. Well, this problem was clearly not going away anything soon.

He pulled the covers back.

Tommy gasped, shocked that his hiding spot had been found out so quickly. He calmed down once he realized it was only Techno, though.

"Hi Techno!" Tommy grinned, his smile as bright as the sun on snow. The kid was missing one of his front teeth. Techno wondered how that had happened. It made him look quite lopsided.

"Tommy—"

"Shh!" Tommy whispered, leaping up to slap his hand over Techno's mouth. It didn't quite manage to cover the hybrid's growing smile. "You gotta be quiet! I'm hiding!"

“Tommy,” Techno repeated, voice now muffled, “What are you doing in my bed?”

Tommy pulled his hand back to press it over his own mouth, giggling at the question. “I’m *hiding*,” he whispered, clearly letting Techno in on some grand secret, “Me and Wil are playing hide-and-seek!”

Techno raised an eyebrow. “In my bed?”

“No,” Tommy scoffed, as though the hybrid was being very silly, “In the house! Your bed is in the house.”

That fact was objectively true, as much as Techno was beginning to regret it.

“The house is big,” the hybrid noted. He would know. He had built an entire extension onto it when Phil brought an infant Tommy home. “Can’t you just hide somewhere else?”

Tommy huffed, shaking his head. “I can’t!” he insisted, “I used all the other spaces already! Wilbur would find me.”

“Isn’t that the point of hide-and-seek?” Techno asked, swallowing a yawn, “To find people?”

“No!” Tommy groaned, clearly forgetting that he was supposed to be quiet. It was a miracle that Wilbur hadn’t already come storming in. “That’s not right! I’m supposed to *hide*!”

He wasn’t doing a very good job of it. The blankets weren’t even covering Tommy anymore, all puddled around his tiny body as he sat up straight.

The kid’s hands had been so cold. For some reason, in Techno’s hibernation-clouded mind, that seemed like a terrible crime.

The hybrid glanced towards the door. At age nine, Wilbur probably had enough good sense not to bother a piglin mid-hibernation, which meant that Tommy would be here for a while.

He could work with that.

“Okay,” Techno said, wrapping his arms around Tommy and pulling him closer. The kid shrieked as he bounced against the mattress, surprised to find himself in Techno’s hold. “You can stay.”

“Tech—” Tommy whined, but he was cut off by a sleepy hush.

“Not now,” Techno yawned, rubbing his face into Tommy’s hair. The kid was still too cold. “Aren’t you supposed to be hidin’?”

Tommy’s eyes grew wide. Suddenly conscious of how exposed he was, the child pulled the covers over his head, pressing himself even closer to Techno’s chest.

It was a pretty good hiding spot. If someone didn’t know better, they might assume the lump in front of Techno was a pillow, or a bunched-up blanket.

Smiling to himself, the hybrid closed his eyes.

Hours later, when Phil and Wilbur finally threw the bedroom door open as part of their panicked search, they'd find the hybrid and the human boy curled up together, both sound asleep.

The next time Techno woke up, it was spring.

Chapter End Notes

Wilbur (absolutely in tears after playing hide-and-seek for three hours straight): "DAD I CAN'T FIND TOMMY I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS!!!!"

Tommy (fast asleep in Techno's bed): "mimimimimimi"

Thanks for reading! If you haven't checked out the oneshot that this is based on, [you can read it here!](#)

[Twitter](#) / [Tumblr](#)

Blood Brothers!Phil buys his hat

Chapter Summary

Immortality had taught Technoblade to be patient. What other choice did he have, watching the years age past while he remained the same? The champion had grown entire orchards from mere seeds, waiting as crown-shy branches turned sunlight into harvests. He had witnessed centuries-old empires stumble and fall as he helped their slow-growing revolutions fester. He had even waited 65 years for a book collector to die so that he could finally buy the man's entire library. Technoblade knew patience.

Phil was *really* taking his sweet time, though.

Or: Blood Brothers!Phil buys his hat.

Chapter Notes

A sequel oneshot to the fic ["How to Fly with Clipped Wings."](#) Make sure to read that fic first if you want the full context of this scene.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Immortality had taught Technoblade to be patient. What other choice did he have, watching the years age past while he remained the same? The champion had grown entire orchards from mere seeds, waiting as crown-shy branches turned sunlight into harvests. He had witnessed centuries-old empires stumble and fall as he helped their slow-growing revolutions fester. He had even waited 65 years for a book collector to die so that he could finally buy the man's entire library. Technoblade knew patience.

Phil was *really* taking his sweet time, though.

The man had been staring at the store's hat display for twenty-seven minutes, cloak pulled tight around his wings. Techno had so far refrained from giving any input. It was only Phil's fifth day of freedom, after all, and it had quickly become apparent that offering the man helpful advice was actually not helpful at all. If Techno betrayed even a slight preference for any of the hats in front of them, Phil would deflate immediately, following the champion's guidance without protest.

No. Phil had to make this choice for himself.

That being said, maybe coming to such an elaborate store had been a mistake. The display in front of them easily had three dozen options. More, if you counted the ones meant for women. Just last night, Phil had spent 30 minutes agonizing over whether he wanted chocolate or vanilla ice cream for dessert (he'd never tasted either before, which definitely didn't help). In the end, Tommy had just bought a bowl of both. This current level of choice might have been a bit overwhelming.

Too late now, though. As it was, there was nothing to do but wait.

Tommy was standing across the room, absolutely in awe of the store's collection of music boxes. The shopkeeper was playing them for the teen one by one, showing off a menagerie of dancing birds and twirling ballerinas.

Techno shook his head. Knowing Tommy, the kid would pick out five or six of those things to bring home, just as he always did when he found something that made music. At this point, it'd probably be cheaper to find some street corner musician and give him the guest room.

Phil made a small huffing noise, shaking his head almost imperceptibly. He seemed no closer to making his final decision than he had when they first stepped into the shop.

It was startling, just how different this version of Phil was from the one Techno had first met. That man had seemed fearless, unwavering. Techno could have snapped his neck in less than a second, and yet Phil still pushed Tommy behind him, ready to shield the boy until the end. Ready to *kill a god*.

Techno had respected Phil from the start.

This current version was a bit harder to pin down. He was courageous, yes, but also cautious. Terrified of making a wrong move. It was as though Phil felt more at home on a battlefield than in a simple conversation.

Techno understood the feeling. But his new friend needed a full wardrobe. And that meant he needed to pick a hat.

"What're you thinking?" Techno asked, causing Phil to jump in place. The man looked up at him, almost as though he'd forgotten his companion's presence.

Techno had promised not to sway Phil's choice, but there had to be ways to speed things up without giving his opinion. Right?

Phil, who still seemed nervous around the champion, just looked back at the display.

"I'm not sure," he admitted, voice quiet, "I think— There's just a lot of hats, aren't there?"

"True," Techno replied, shrugging casually, "Are you picking between a few? We could always get you two or three. You know. To match your outfits."

"No," Phil said suddenly, looking as though he was about to faint, "No, I— That's too much. I don't need that many."

A spark of pride lit up in Techno's chest. 'No' was good. The word felt more like music than any of the boxes Tommy was looking at. Every time Phil dismissed one of Techno's suggestions outright, it was proof that things could be different. Better.

"That's fair," Techno said, eyes skimming the display for the thousandth time, "We should probably narrow it down, then."

Phil tensed, wings ruffling beneath his cloak. "What do you mean?"

"Well..." Techno started, "There's a lot of choices here. I mean, I can barely even count these things! Forget about comparin' them. We should figure out the criteria for what you want."

Phil nodded slowly, waiting for the champion to continue.

"Like, for example," Techno explained, "Do you want a warm hat, or a more summery one? Are you worried about getting cold, or keeping the sun off your head?"

Phil fell into thought with that one. For a full minute, he didn't say anything, just weighing the two options in his mind.

Behind them, Tommy dropped a music box onto the ground, prompting a startled shout from the shopkeeper. Miraculously, by the time the kid placed the mechanism back onto the countertop, it was completely undamaged, much to the surprise of the store's other customers.

Phil didn't seem to notice the commotion, staring at his choices with a fierce determination.

"Summery," he eventually decided, "It's warm now. If I need a winter one, then I'll have to figure it out later."

"Sounds smart to me," Techno nodded. Obviously, Phil would have no trouble getting a winter hat in a few months' time. Another perk of immortality was having plenty of years to master the art of knitting. "What about the brim? If it's a summer hat, do you prefer one that keeps the sun off your face and neck, or more of a fashion statement?"

"Sun," Phil said, more certain this time. Techno was surprised by how fast his answer came. "But, er..."

Techno gave his new friend room to answer, and then when he didn't, interjected casually. "You can say what you're thinking," he promised, "I always want to hear your thoughts, if you're willing to share them."

"What about my...?" Phil glanced at the shopkeeper, who was too busy scolding Tommy to listen in on their conversation. "My wings," he whispered, "I don't want my hat to fall off while I'm flying."

Techno blinked. He hadn't even thought of that.

"I—I was thinking," Phil said, sounding painfully nervous, "that I should get one with the cords around the bottom, right? So that I can keep it tight when I'm in the air?"

A wave of pride washed over Techno. He'd only known Phil for a few days. How was it possible to already be so fond?

"I think that's a great idea," Techno agreed, nodding firmly. A relieved smile appeared on Phil's face. "Let's see if any of the hats fit what we're looking for."

In the end, they were left with three choices: a pink plaid hat, a plain black one, and a green one with white stripes. Phil was clearly weighing his remaining options seriously, but he didn't seem so overwhelmed anymore.

At that moment, Tommy bounded over, arms filled with three whole music boxes. Techno appreciated the kid's restraint.

"Did you guys pick yet?" Tommy asked, struggling to balance his new purchases in his arms. Techno grabbed one right before it fell, slipping it carefully into the bag on Tommy's back.

"We're down to three," Techno explained, letting Phil stay focused.

The little god nodded, setting the other two music boxes onto a nearby table.

"I think..." Phil started, pausing midway through his sentence.

Neither Techno nor Tommy spoke, letting the silence linger comfortably in the air.

"... I think I want the green one," Phil eventually finished, "I like the color. It remind me of being outside?" He flinched in on himself, a seed of doubt quickly spreading across his face. "I mean, obviously it does. Outside is green. But really outside, you know? Not just, like, a courtyard or some shit. But trees and fields and stuff. With no one to bring you back."

Immediately, he glanced up at Techno and Tommy, clearly afraid that he had made the wrong choice.

But the other two just smiled.

"Sounds good!" Tommy said, already taking a step towards the shopkeeper, "I'll go buy it!"

"I..." Phil shook his head. "I want to pay."

The man only had a few coins to his name, all earned that morning. Walking through the market, Phil had helped a struggling old vendor unload his wagon. Then, job complete, the vendor had handed him some change with a warm thanks.

Phil had accepted at the coins with wide eyes, staring at his bounty with pure wonder. Then, before Techno or Tommy could reassure him, he had slipped the currency into his pocket, fingers tracing the bulging fabric.

Those same coins were in Phil's hands now, tumbling their way into Tommy's open palms.

The god nodded seriously, giving his family a salute.

"Be right back!" Tommy shouted, running off to make their purchase.

Body tense, Phil turned back to Techno.

"So I... I can just take it?"

The champion nodded encouragingly, plucking the hat from the display and handing it to Phil. The man reached out for his new purchase slowly, as though he could hardly believe it could be that easy.

"It's mine," Phil said, almost dazed.

Techno nodded. "All yours," he promised, "No one's allowed to take it away from you. Ever. I'll gut them if they try."

For a moment, Phil just stood there. Then, he put the hat on slowly.

Techno watched closely, measuring each curve of Phil's face. It was hard to guess how old the man was, and even harder to tell what he was feeling. Twenties or thirties, thrilled or disappointed, all of it was possible. If Phil had mastered one skill during his life, it was hiding himself.

And then Phil smiled.

"I think I like it," he announced, grinning widely, "Green's a good color."

Techno grinned back. "A *great* color," he agreed.

A few minutes later, Phil was leading the group out of the store, smiling brighter than the sun above them. Tommy and Techno trailed behind, taking in the sight.

"That's the ugliest fucking hat I've ever seen," Tommy mumbled, still smiling.

Techno gave him a look. "Don't."

"Oh, I won't tell him!" Tommy promised, "It's just... You know."

Unfortunately, Techno did know. The hat was truly hideous. Phil had picked out the tackiest one in the shop.

Techno was so proud. The hat was Phil's first real purchase, after all. It was a milestone.

Maybe tomorrow, they could get him some nicer shoes.

At that moment, Phil turned around, hat fit snug onto his head. He was still smiling.

"What now?" he asked, slowing down so the other two could catch up.

Whatever you want, Techno thought, though he stopped himself from saying it. If just picking out a hat was overwhelming, then there was no use announcing such grand promises to Phil. Not yet, anyway.

Tommy, luckily, knew just what to say.

“Now?” the god grinned, opening his bag, “Who wants to hear some music?”

Chapter End Notes

How did Phil afford that hat with so little money? It was on extreme clearance. It really was the ugliest hat in the store. Plus Tommy is a FANTASTIC haggler AKA he just bought a ton of very expensive music boxes and the shopkeeper is willing to sell him the worst hat in the store for cheap.

Are there any more AUs you guys want bonus scenes from? Let me know!

[Twitter](#) / [Tumblr](#)

Sleep

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Winter had come slowly to the Craft house, creeping in through drafty windows and under creaky doors. Up until now, the chill had been easy enough to ignore with the help of a wool sweater and a good pair of socks, but as Tommy ran his hand over Henry's cold fur, he was beginning to understand the harsh reality of his situation.

Henry was cold. Sure, the cow plushie didn't show the usual signs of hypothermia, but Tommy was certain anyway. He was very good at realizing when something was wrong with his toys.

This was a big problem. Dad said that Tommy had to take good care of his belongings, and letting Henry freeze into an ice cube was *not* good care!

The five-year-old sat up in bed, holding his stuffed animal close to his chest. With a huff, he threw off his blankets and slid onto the floor, bare toes curling on the cold hardwood.

"Sorry, Henry," Tommy said, giving his plushie a kiss on the head, "The bed is too cold! We have to go."

Henry did not say anything. Tommy was glad to have such an understanding cow.

The boy weighed his options. His bedroom was unforgivably frigid, so staying here was out of the question entirely. His parents' room was an equally bad option. Mum always had cold fingers! And Dad was probably still in his office. Tommy wasn't supposed to disturb him when he was working.

That left only one option. Techno's room.

The boy lit up at the idea. Of course! Techno was a piglin, so he always slept with a bajillion blankets! It'd be nice and warm in there, and then Henry would be able to sleep without any problems.

Tommy was very proud of himself for coming up with such a good idea. Dad always said that he was "too clever for his own good," but right now, that cleverness was really working out in his favor.

But... Oh. Oh! Techno needed a stuffed animal too! He'd feel left out if Tommy had a fun plushie and he had to sleep all by himself. Maybe Tommy could bring Steve the polar bear or Carl the horse? Those two were Techno's favorites. They had belonged to his older brother before Tommy was even born, years and years and *years* ago, so Techno had named them himself.

Tommy ran over to his box of plushies, pulling out the polar bear and the horse. It was a bit tricky to hold all three stuffed animals at the same time, but Tommy was very big and strong, so he managed okay. He was a very big man.

With a small nod, Tommy slipped out his bedroom door, which Dad always left cracked open. Then, feet pattering against the rug, he raced down the hallway.

Techno's bedroom was all the way at the other end of the house, door firmly shut. Tommy had to put his stuffed animals down to turn the knob, but once he did, the door swung open without any creaks or protests.

Techno's room was dark. Since Techno was in high school, he had given his nightlight to Tommy along with the Steve and Carl.

Nervous, the boy picked his plushies back up, hugging them tight as his eyes adjusted to the darkness.

"Techno?" Tommy whispered, taking a step through the doorway.

Techno shifted in bed, muttering something under his breath, but he didn't answer.

Tommy crept closer. There was sweat on Techno's brow, and his entire face was twisted into something scared and confused.

"No..." the piglin muttered, feet kicking slightly, "No, stop, *don't*—"

Tommy had seen Techno's nightmares before. His brother wasn't very chatty during the day, but at night, pleas would spill from his lips like water.

Tommy frowned. He didn't like seeing Techno so frightened, even if it was just a bad dream.

At once, the little boy dumped his stuffed animals onto the ground and climbed onto the bed. Then, he started hitting his brother's shoulder.

"Techno!" Tommy urged, louder this time, "Techno!"

The piglin woke with a gasp, sitting upright so quickly that Tommy almost fell off the bed. Luckily, a few windmills of his arms kept him stable on the mattress.

Techno was panting hard, eyes shooting to the corners of the room. He was shaking slightly, visibly unnerved as he took in his surroundings.

Then, he spotted Tommy.

Techno swallowed, mouth dry. "Tommy?"

The kid nodded. "Uh-huh?"

"... Why are you in my room?"

Tommy pouted, sliding off the bed to grab his stuffed animals. Now that he had a bit of practice, it was easier to pick up all three at once. "It's cold."

Techno still looked shaken, though he didn't protest as Tommy dumped all his plushies onto the bed. "... Okay?"

"So Henry and Carl and Steve are cold!" Tommy insisted, climbing back onto the mattress and shoving Steve against Techno's chest, "You have to warm them up!"

Techno blinked slowly, looking down at the stuffed animal in his lap. "Steve is cold? The *polar bear* is cold? The polar bear who's also a toy?"

Tommy nodded. Good. Techno was finally catching on.

"Uh-huh!" the boy said, climbing under the covers. He almost dropped Henry, but he didn't. Phew! "But you're warm! So you can give us hugs!"

Something in Techno's expression suddenly clicked.

"Oh," he said, no longer shaking, "You— Okay. I can do that."

It took Techno a few nervous minutes, but he managed to reposition all of the blankets, stacking them one by one until he and Tommy were under a literal mountain of fabric. Then, the older boy laid down slowly, reaching to pull his little brother close, toys squeezed between them.

Hm. It was cozy, but it could be cozier! Tommy squirmed out of his brother's grasp, positioning Steve and Carl so that their heads were popping out from under the quilts. Not being able to breathe was *not* cozy!

Once he was finally satisfied, Tommy grabbed Henry and returned to his spot against Techno's chest.

Techno was holding Tommy in the same way that Tommy was holding Henry: kind and tight and gentle. Like he was something worth holding. Worth keeping safe.

It was the way he always embraced Tommy.

"Still cold?" Techno asked, running his fingers through his little brother's hair.

The kid thought about it for a moment, blinking slowly. Exhaustion was finally beginning to creep up on him despite the chill that remained in his chest.

"The toys are okay," he eventually declared, "But I'm chilly."

"Well," Techno said, embracing Tommy even tighter, "We can't have that, can we?"

When Tommy woke up the next morning, there were even more blankets piled on top of him and his brother.

Chapter End Notes

Found this in my drafts, already finished.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!